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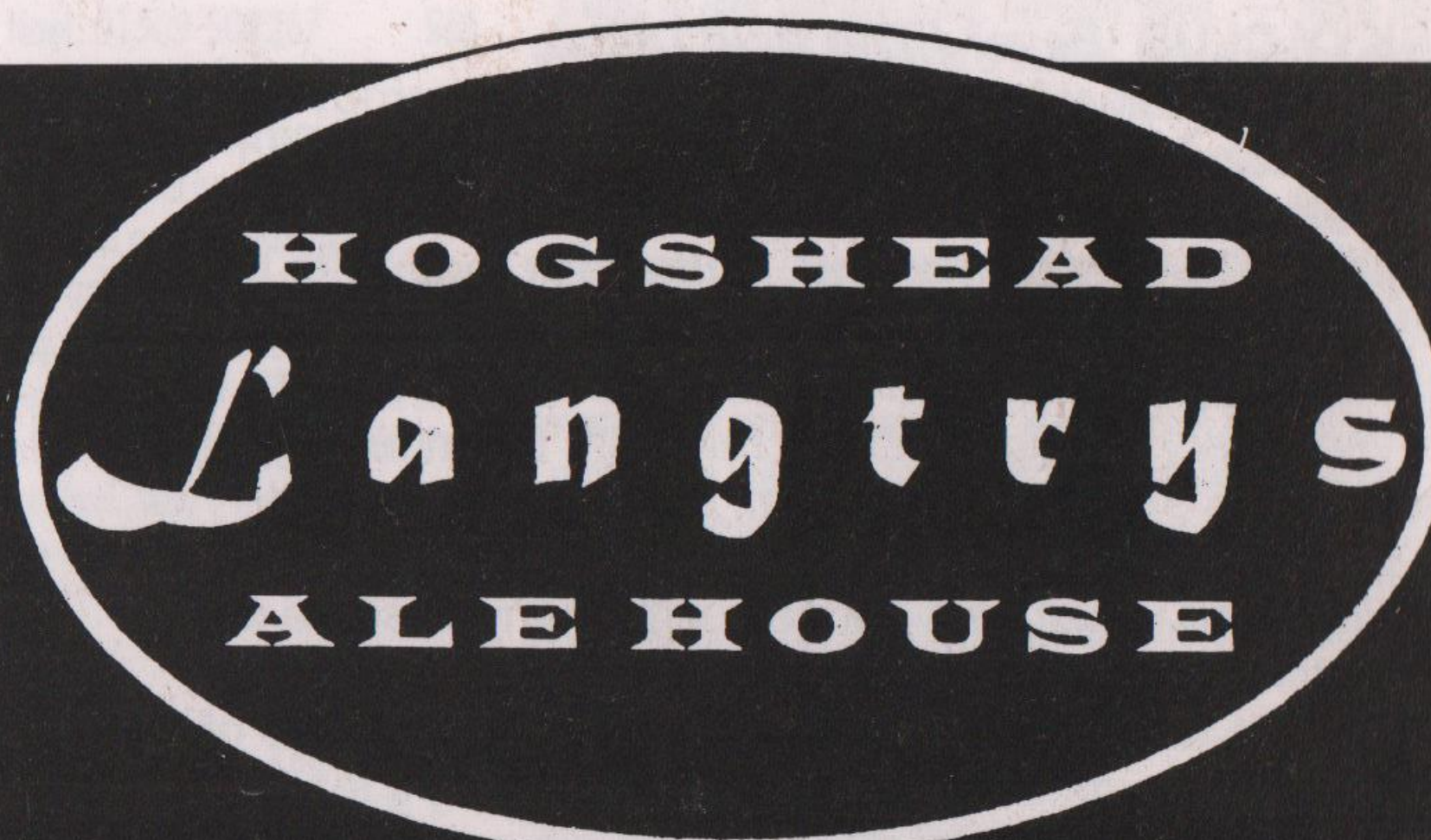
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cover: PooKA photo by Valerie Phillips

Issue # 54



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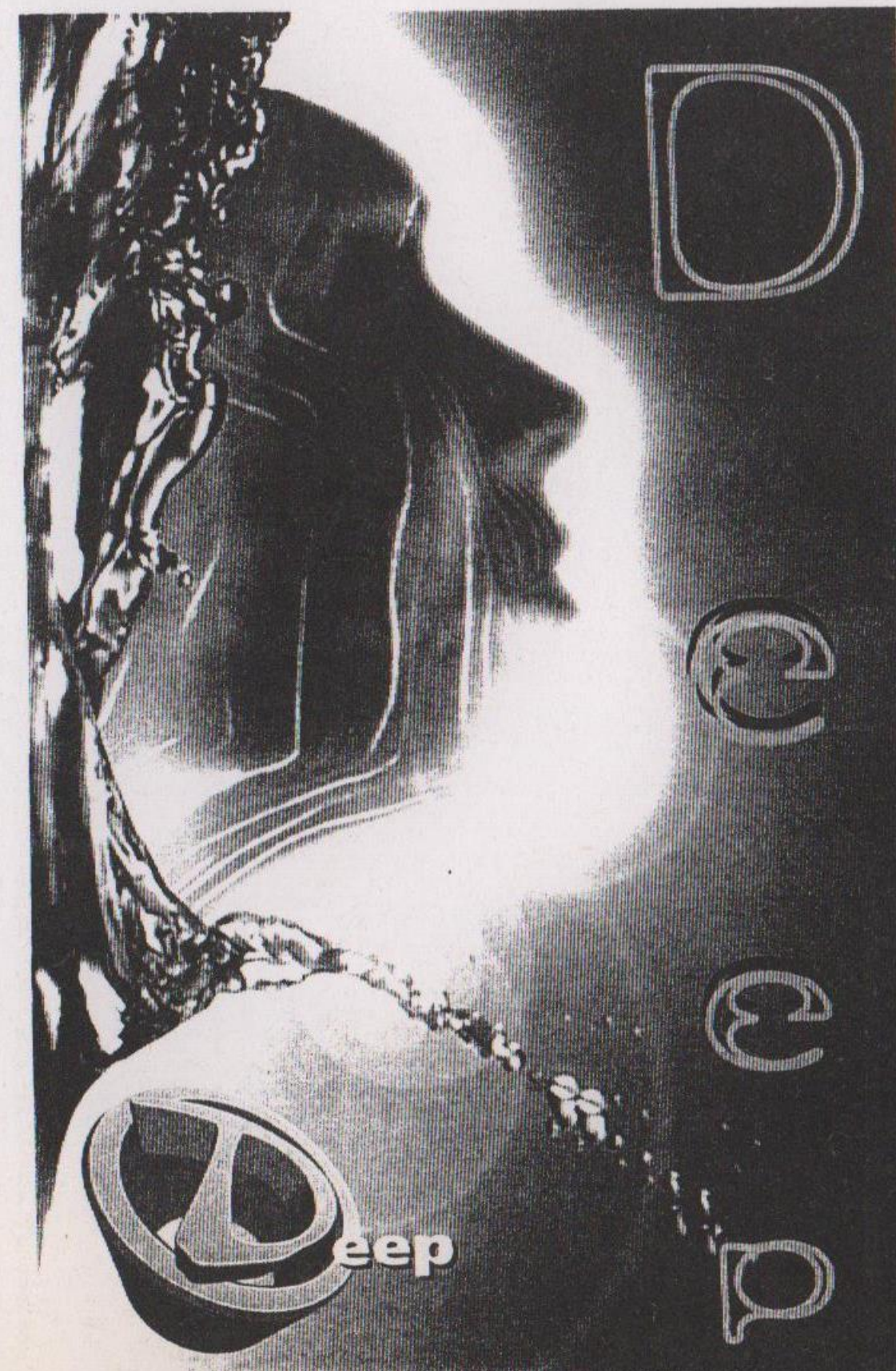
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firstofall:

cover: POOKA

Pooka release their second album on
September 22nd. On Island Records' Trade 2
label it's entitled *Spinning* and finds one-time
Nottingham-based duo Sharon Lewis and
Natasha Jones augmented by Steve Lamb on
bass and PJ Harvey's drummer Rob Ellis with
producer Joe Leach trying out some
experimental recording techniques. An ep
featuring the track *Mean Girl* from the album
along with three other exclusive tracks is also
planned.

Meantime they appear live at Sam Fay's on
Tues 30th September. Support comes from
turbo cabaret combo **Christian & Damian's
Nova Lounge** and sleazadelic **Dream City Film
Club** whose debut album is out now as is an ep
If I Die, I Die both on Beggars Banquet.



Other Seed cassettes is the brain-child of
improvised musician and "arch prince of
weirdness" **Stream Angel**. All titles feature
himself either solo or in collaboration with like-
minded souls like "the wild man of lo-fi"
Stewart Walden, **Neil Campbell** aka Penile
McBall and **Dylan Bates** aka Geoffrey Sick. "I
nane soundscapes and Dada sound montages"
include **The A-Band** (pictured above and who
now have an album available on cd), **Gay
Animal Women**, **The Keaston Pils** (formerly
The L.A. Goons— "Morecambe and Wise on
mushrooms meet Wildman Fischer in a session
produced by the Bash Street Kids"— and **Lurid
& The Velvet Underpants**), "free-jazz terrorists"
The Inspectors, **Lazarus Link-Up** and **Little
Lord Fred**. The A-Band was, and probably still
is, a loose collective of noise activists whose
music has been described as "Spazzrock, a
cross between Jazz and Space Rock" and "
musical therapy for social misfits". They always
appeared under a different name beginning with
the letter 'A', e.g. Artex, Alot, Anglegrinder, Arnus
(their tribute to **Sun Ra** which saw them banned
from performing at The Old Angel because it
gave the bouncer a headache!) with never the
same line-up, one member even refusing to
perform unless there was someone on stage
who had never been in the band before. In any
case they brought much mayhem, music, mania
and mirth to Nottingham during the late 80's
early 90's and generally took the piss out of
music, venue managers, promoters, the
audience and themselves (who often were the

audience) pulling stunts like burning their hair off
on stage, advertising a gig at one venue but
performing at another, a gig which consisted of
the sound of setting up the gear and then
packing it away (don't buy that tape) and naked
fire breathing, which got them banned from the
Kool Kat nightclub but not before starting a small
bonfire on the dancefloor with an A0-size
Nirvana poster and a dummy's head soaked in
lighter fuel thus causing panic amongst the
bouncers who tried to put it out using powder
extinguishers for electrical fires, resulting in a
surreal situation where the top half of the club
was filled with black smoke while the bottom half
was covered in white powder! As Stream says in
the notes about a now deleted LP of two A-
band gigs: "The Artex side is totally stunning and
innovative—the A-band at their most
adventurous moving from cosmic free jazz to
Space Rock to Buddhist style chants to total
weirdness. The Alot side is an absolute racket."
And **Overall** once said of the Keaston Pils' *Best
Of...* album: "If Spike Milligan had fronted The
Fall, some of it might sound like this," to which
he adds, "Proving conclusively that humour
DOES belong in music." Nowhere will you find
such a unique body of work comprising those
two extremes of genius, sheer brilliance and
absolute bollocks. Contact Stream Angel, 18a
Addison Street., Arboretum, NOTTINGHAM
NG1 4GY. See also **demolition**.

Fed up of broken promises from record labels,
Northampton's **Collide** decided to form their
own. Coincidental records is the label and their
debut ep *I Climb The Walls* contains four tracks.
tel. 01933 317012.

Senza Misura have changed their name to
Bombscare. With the addition of ex-Iron
Monkey bass-player Steve Watson to their line-
up which and Kevin Watts from The Varukers on
drums the name change is to reflect their more
explosive direction. Watch out for them in the
Smirnoff Battle Of the Bands at Sam Fay's
where they have already won their first heat.

Roadrunner releases this month include **Life Of
Agony's** third album *Soul Searching Sun* (Sept.
15th) preceded by a single *Weeds*; then *Beyond
Planet Earth* the second from **Shelter** (22nd)
with a tour later in Autumn; **Bennett** scrape the
mud off their boots and offer a new single *I Like
Rock* which is what happens when you play too
many festivals (22nd); **Sparks** have signed to
Roadrunner and have re-recorded some of their
best known songs with the help of people like
Erasure and **Jimmy Somerville** who features
on the first single release *The Number One
Song In Heaven* taken from their forthcoming
album *Plagiarism* which includes their classic
This Town Ain't Big Enough For Both Of Us
radically reworked by **Faith No More**.

Internationally renowned eastern European folk
act **Muzzikás** have a new album *Morning Star*
which appears on Sept 8th. on Hannibal records.
Their star soloist **Márta Sebesteyén**, who has
achieved world-wide recognition for her vocal
talents, sang on **Deep Forest's** Grammy-
winning *Bohème* album and on the soundtrack
to the Oscar-winning film *The English Patient*.

Now 97 is the eighth **Festival of Art for Today**
and it begins in Nottingham on Oct. 18th for one
month. Placing an emphasis on the experimental
in technology and performance it brings together
commercial artists with radical, cutting edge
artists unafraid to employ today's technology.
This year's festival includes work on the internet,
virtual reality, Quick Time VR, photography,
digital audio and film technology. It celebrates
the best in contemporary performance, visual
art, dance, new music, digital imagery and new
technology. In the field of music **Digital
Clubbing 2** brings together **Hex**, **Coldcut**, **DJ**

Food and Funky Porcini in one explosive bill
which will take place in **The Bomb**,
Nottingham's newest nightclub, whilst **Autechre**
and **Zoviet:France** have an *Adventure In
Modern Music*. Experimental theatre company
Forced Entertainment team up with
photographer **Hugo Glendenning** to present
Frozen Places using Quick Time VR software.
Following sell out performances in Europe **Gob
Squad** present their first theatre work *Close
Enough To Kiss*, **Sarah Tutt** creates a work
using stairs in an old stone shopping arcade and
Desperate Optimists premiere a new work
Stalking Realities. Technology and visual art
come together in **Jez Noond's Seven Degrees
Of Freedom which employs VR to recreate a
number of infamous prison cells from around the
world. There will be several sites around the city
offering access to the internet. Dance events
bring together **Bi Ma Dance Company** and
photographer **Chris Nash**, while **Jonzi D's** latest
hip hop dance theatre *Lyrical Feata* features **DJ
Pogo** and his jazz band. Watch out for these
and many more innovative events taking place in
all manner of sites from traditional theatres and
galleries to the more unusual places like pubs,
clubs and shopping centres.**

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Overall

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visual:



LOST HIGHWAY dir. David Lynch

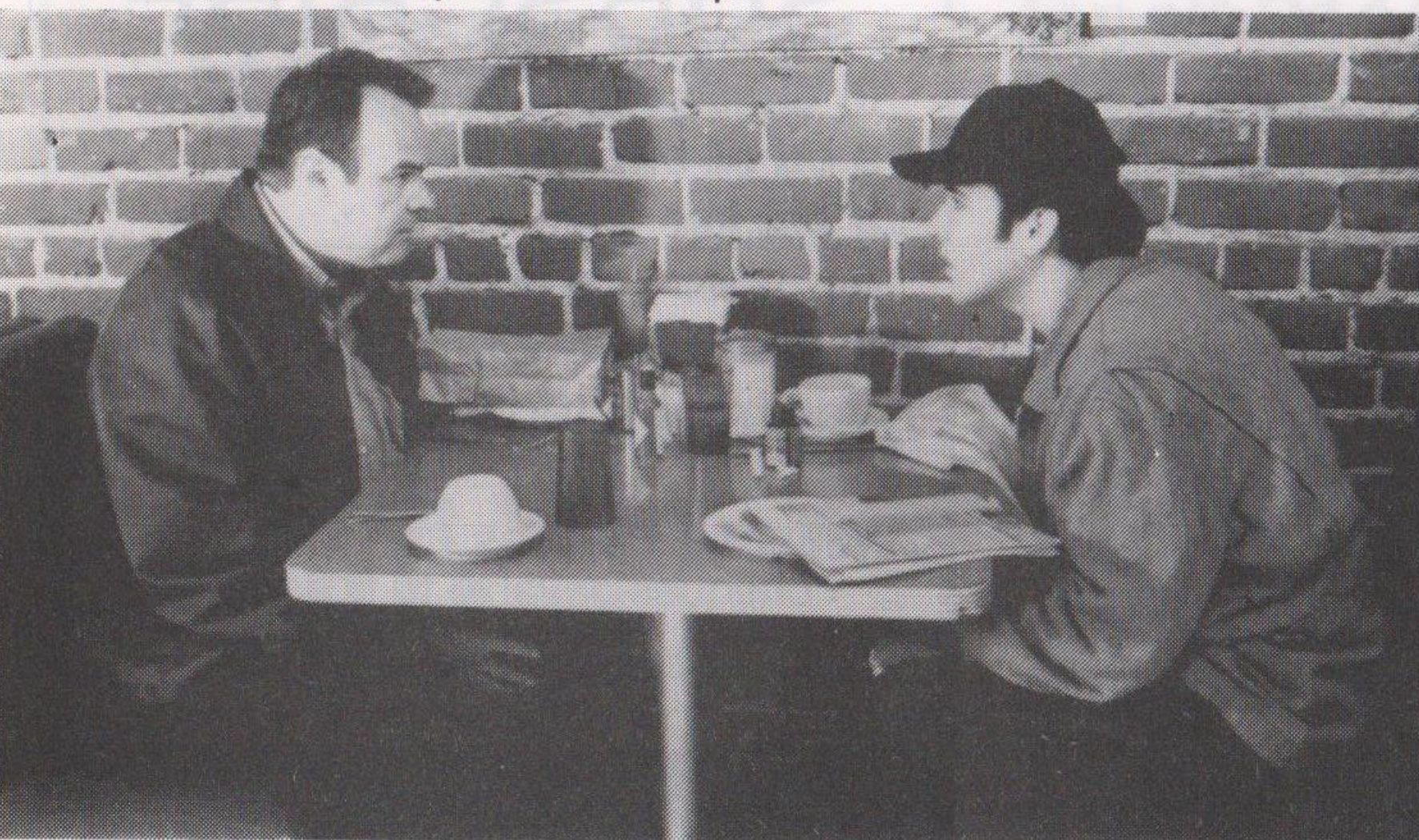
Satirising and celebrating both the banal and brutal side of Americana, David Lynch care's not for coherent storylines nor for conventional plot structures. Instead he digs around in the mind's deepest recesses and extracts contorted, contradictory dream images that either prove powerfully stimulating or puzzlingly oblique. Lost Highway, his first film since the ill-advised though underrated *Twin Peaks: Fire Walk With Me* maintains this approach to produce an eccentric tale of erotic anguish.

In the slo-o-o-ow opening scenes, jazz saxophonist Fred (Bill Pullman) and his icy wife Renee (Patricia Arquette) are the recipients of a series of video tapes each one more sinister and nasty than the last. Eventually something snaps and Fred finds himself convicted of his wife's murder and sentenced to die in the electric chair. And things get very weird. Somehow Fred is suddenly transformed into Pete (Balthazar Getty), a young garage mechanic who services the car of the violent, volatile gangster Mr. Eddy (Robert Loggia) whilst simultaneously making out with the guy's desensitized girlfriend Alice (Arquette again, back now as a bleached blonde).

Occasionally these two separate sets of characters are linked together through names, faces, photos and flashbacks, but still it is hard to find clues to the conundrum, even at its conclusion. Lynch may ask questions about the nature of identity and poke fun at the human psyche, yet he still resolutely refuses to open up his work to easy interpretations. However *Last Highway* is far from a road to nowhere and it is surprising, in this post-Tarantino all-talkie world, just how refreshing it is to hear stilted dialogue, eerie silences and an unsettling soundtrack. Performances range from the muted (Arquette, Pullman) to sympathetic (Getty) to the road rage manic (Loggia) while the most disturbing and disquieting threat emanates from a malevolent mystery man (Robert Blake). Henry Rollins, Richard Pryor, Marilyn Manson and Jack 'Eraserhead' Nance all contribute brief cameo appearances and This Mortal Coil's *Song To The Siren* provides the main recurring musical motif. The design is predictably stark and stylised, the lighting almost non-existent; in every sense this is a dark film. Overlong, perhaps, and at times undoubtedly tedious but you will still see nothing like it this year. Kiss me deadlly.

Hank Quinlan

Find the Lost Highwayat Broadway until Thurs. 18th Sept.



GROSSE POINT BLANK

In this hugely enjoyable film, co-writer and actor John Cusack plays Martin Blank, a hit-man with the dubious claim to fame of being the man who killed the president of Paraguay with a fork. He is cold, slick and professional but lacks motivation for his work. He sees a shrink (Alan Arkin) who fails to raise his spirits and even a keen rival called Grocer (Dan Ackroyd) has no joy in persuading martin to agree to a plan whereby they work together. Blank in fact chooses to go to his high-school reunion with an en route execution job planned and arranged for him by his hard-working PA Marcella (Ms Joan Cusack). Once he reaches his reunion in Grosse Pointe, Michigan, he meets up with long-lost sweetheart Debi (Minnie Driver) who has become a local DJ but has to dodge the attentions of other hitmen who happen to be in the area. *Grosse Pointe Blank* is an hilariously dark comedy with some wonderful dialogue which comes courtesy of a four-man writing team: Tom Jankiewicz, DV De Vincentis, Steve Pink, and Cusack himself. It was directed by George Armitage of *Miami Blues* fame and includes a first-rate indie music score put together by Joe Strummer. The film gets off to an excellent start, combining neat performances with some wonderful timing and crackling lines, and, although it dips slightly in the middle, rouses to a superb finish. Cusack hasn't been this good since *The Grifters*, and Ackroyd hasn't been in such a good film since *The Blues Brothers* or *Trading Places*.

Matt Arnoldi

Grosse Pointe Blank hits Broadway Fri 19th - Thurs 25th Sept.

THE FULL MONTY

The hit British movie that is moving mountains in the States at the moment, *The Full Monty* is a Sheffield-based feelgood comedy is directed with rightful conviction by Peter Cattaneo. It has been likened to last year's hit *Brassed Off* and is doing so well in the states that it is being elevated to the same league as *Four Weddings And A Funeral*. The reason for such euphoria is that *The Full Monty* is not only very funny but one of those unique movies which goes down equally well with both men and women.

Robert Carlyle (Begbie in *Trainspotting*) plays the lead as Gaz, a Sheffield steelworker who, together with a few pals and his old foreman Gerald, is laid off from his job. With unemployment high and few coins in their pockets and the local Job Club offering few prospects of a brighter future, morale is low. That is until our Gaz hits upon the idea of forming a cut-price version of the Chippendales. They go down a storm with the ladies at a local nightclub on a Friday night. His mates think he's mad but once he persuades Gerald (who knows a few dance steps) to go along with it, auditions begin and the idea takes form. Gerald, Gaz, a suicidal security guard, a well-endowed handyman and an old geezer who can strut 'the funky chicken' offer one thing the Chippendales aren't prepared to — "the full Monty". It's the best these men can offer, the shirt off their backs and their Y-fronts down, too, in return for an honest wage.

With a Simon Beaufoy script full of sharp jokes and affectionate Northern jibes, *The Full Monty* is a laugh-a-minute. Carlyle is excellent in the lead role, Tom Wilkinson plays Gerald with believable depth while Mark Ady plays, to great effect, the shy, overweight and sensitive member of the troupe who is reluctance personified when it comes to the eve of the big performance.

The Full Monty doesn't carry the same political anger as *Brassed Off*, but really is very funny and beautifully played by the assorted company.

MA

EVENT HORIZON dir. Paul Anderson

They tell us the year is 2047 yet this doesn't feel like the future; it feels just like a film you've seen before and are about to see again. *Alien*, *Hellraiser*, *Ice Station Zebra*, any old haunted house movie; they're all here in the melting pot, reheated and reshaped in big budget sci-fi horror style. Laurence Fishburn and Sam Neil head a team of stereotypical space truckers on a mission to salvage a prototype spaceship, the *Event Horizon* of the title that seven years earlier had mysteriously vanished without trace. Once on board clues to the original crew's untimely demise begin to emerge and quickly it becomes clear that the same hellish fate awaits the ship's new inhabitants. In fact it becomes all too clear all too quickly as the tension and more interesting elements of psychological terror are replaced by a typical unimaginative horror slug-fest. *Event Horizon* is far from the worst of this summer's looks-pretty-but-forget-the-plot films and as its makers rightly claim, there is no alien monster around to use as an easy and obvious target. But stripped of its eye-popping special effects, stunning pull-back shots and sci-fi trappings, this is just *The Mary Celeste* in space. *Alien* took similar influences but twisted the tale to good effect and reinvented the genre. Twenty years later *Event Horizon* looks tired and stale and buy inference, sci-fi movies in general are in desperate need of a radical revamp. The future is out there, it's frightening and full of dumb, wise-cracking Americans. HQ



THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS dir. Sidney Lumet

Made in 1965, shot in black and white on grainy film stock and cast entirely with non-actors, *The Battle Of Algiers* is one of the most powerful and overtly political films ever made. With detailed documentary precision and raw, gutsy authenticity it focuses on a specific period in Algerian history, the guerilla struggle against their French colonial oppressors. Between 1954 and 1962 the revolutionaries took control of the Casbah and transformed random criminality into a highly focused and forceful campaign. Caught up in riveting crowd scenes, street battles and frighteningly realistic bombings it is impossible not to be moved. But the film is no simplistic goody and baddy polemic. Both sides are shown in the cold light of day with the emphasis on the tactics they use and the methods they employ. In fact the American Black Panther movement was so impressed that *The Battle Of Algiers* was used to teach urban guerrilla warfare to its trainees. This is the textbook for modern political film-making and the bench-mark by which others are judged and found wanting.

HQ

The Battle Of Algiers commences on Fri 19th Sept at Broadway.

SELECT HOTEL

This French drama selects a Parisian squat as the home for a brother and sister (Jean-Michel Fete and Julie Gayet) who are into burglary, drugs and prostitution. When someone's apartment is ransacked, the owner sets out to track down the perpetrators. The brother and sister team are soon targeted and sparks fly as class differences are exposed. It's a low-key film revealing the desperation in the lives of those caught in a spiral of low-level crime and drug dependency.

MA

Select Hotel steals into Broadway Fri 10th- Thurs 16th Oct.



JUMP THE GUN

Another British director Les Blair brought us the passable British comedy *Bad Behaviour* some years ago. As a director he is very much in the Mike Leigh mould, placing importance on intensive rehearsal and improvisational acting techniques to come up with a suitable and authentic script. This time Les Blair has travelled further afield to bring us a drama about life in present-day South Africa. It focuses on the lives of six working class characters, both black and white, and charts their plight in the brave new apartheid-free world nurtured by President Mandela. Occasionally contrived and perhaps a little too long, *Jump The Gun* is worthwhile if you fancy seeing a frank and intelligent film that grasps the preoccupations of those trying to make their way in the new South Africa. It's also a lot better than the recent Johannesburg thriller *Dangerous Ground*.

MA

Jump The Gun at Broadway Mon 22nd - Thurs 25th Sept.

THE SWEET HEREAFTER

Atom Egoyan's latest is a departure from his previous efforts (*The Adjuster*, *Exotica*, *Calendar*) as in the past he has adapted his own screenplays. Here he takes a Russell Banks novel as the subject for his film, one which Banks himself considered the least adaptable of his novels. In terms of the plot, think of the tragedies which have affected whole communities like Hungerford or Dunblane. In *The Sweet Hereafter* a small town has to come to terms with a coach accident in which a large number of it's children are killed. But what was seen as simply an unfortunate accident is complicated by the arrival of a big-city lawyer who stirs up the community with legal talk blaming the bus driver who has survived the accident. The road to healing can only be paved with bitterness unless someone stops the lawyer from carrying out his work. Will anyone stand up and question the motives of this demonstrative stranger? Quietly emotive, *The Sweet Hereafter* jumps between different time zones and different characters as it steadily builds up a rounded view of events. At the heart of it all, actors Ian Holm, Sarah Polley, Maury Chaykin and Bruce Greenwood give layered and convincing performances. Certain parts are sensitively handled while other ideas seem a touch understated, but Egoyan's film won this year's International Critics prize at Cannes with just cause. It's an intelligently perceptive film which concentrates on the complexities of character as it explores the aftermath to a devastating local tragedy. MA

The Sweet Hereafter can be seen at Broadway until Thurs 9th Sept.

AUSTIN POWERS: INTERNATIONAL MAN OF MYSTERY

The star of *Wayne's World*, Mike Myers, turns his varied talents to the intrigues of international espionage playing both a goofy superstar British spy Austin Powers and his dastardly terrorist target, the wonderfully camp Dr. Evil, in this hilarious comedy spoof which also stars Liz Hurley. Swinging 60's spy and part-time fashion photographer Powers is frozen cryogenically only to be thawed back to life in the 90's to seek and thwart the evil Dr Evil who has threatened to do away with mankind unless he is paid a large sum. Hurley plays Powers' lithe assistant putting up in the PC 90's with her bosses sexist 60's jargon — "do you want to shag now or later?" — and his use of words like 'fab' and 'groovy'. The clash between the two is superbly funny, even if Hurley's Sloane accent detracts from her (for once) better-than-wooden acting. Myers meanwhile dominates the film as writer/actor/producer. Not all his jokes come off, but most do. Look out for some original sequences as he and Liz use hotel objects to innovative effect as, both nude, they protect their modesty with hilarious timing. Dr. Evil and his incongruous, grunge-loving son also share some wonderfully funny exchanges. It's wacky, wild, upbeat but slight, and intellectuals may not beat a path to the door, but if you want a little light relief Mike Myers-style, take time out — you won't be disappointed.

MA

AIRFORCE ONE

In Wolfgang Petersen's thriller Harrison Ford plays a no-nonsense US president shaken up by a gang of Nationalist terrorists from Kazakhstan who hijack the president's aircraft as he is returning to the States after a meeting with the Soviets. Led by a passionate revolutionary Gary Oldman, the hijackers fail to capture the president but take his wife and daughter hostage who, together with the rest of the entourage are held to ransom in a bid to release a rebel leader from prison. Conveniently the president has a military background and must remember all his old skills if he is to defeat his chilling adversary. In support Glenn Close in the role of a shocked Vice-President required to run the country in Ford's absence. Naturally it all ends in fisticuffs and a few shennannigans in the Mile High club but the whole thing is neatly pulled together by director Petersen who is rejoined here by actor Jurgen Prochnow, star of Petersen's excellent screen debut *Das Boot*. There are one or two embarrassing echoes of *Independence Day* as jingoism and US flag-waving bravery take over, but for the most part *Air Force One* still provides plenty of nail-biting in-flight fare. The big question is — will the airlines show it?

MA

Air Force One takes off nationwide Sept 12th.

NIGHT FALLS ON MANHATTAN dir. Sidney Lumet

At 73 perhaps it is time the sun set on Sidney Lumet's long and varied career but still, here he is again, up to his neck in crime, cops and corruption with yet another assault on America's judicial system. *Twelve Angry Men*, *Serpico*, *Dog Day Afternoon*, *Prince Of The City*, *The Verdict* and *Q&A* are just some of the brilliant which made the veteran director's name, so he knows the territory well. Perhaps too well, for if there is a problem with *Night Falls On Manhattan* it's that he brings little that's fresh and original to the subject matter. This time it's Andy Garcia as a squeaky clean prosecuting attorney struggling with divided loyalties, moral dilemmas and pressures on his own professional integrity. Ian Holm impresses as his father, an old street cop gone to seed, while Ron Liebman steals the show as a sharp, scathing, unscrupulous DA. Other characters though are badly under-written, and all too often the film skates along on surface detail without ever really getting under the skin. Even the court-room scenes for which Lumet is duly famed are lacking the spark of other recent efforts such as TV's *Murder One*. There's no doubt that this is a finely crafted film and for Lumet a solid if unspectacular return to form, but approach it with too high expectations and you are sure to be disappointed.

HQ

WORKING: My Life As A Prostitute by Dolores French (Vista £5.99)

Dolores French is one dedicated woman. Originally becoming a prostitute by standing in for a courtesan friend, she subsequently explored all aspects of "the life" as she moved from being an escort agency "model" to working in a Puerto Rican brothel, then as a street walker, and even having her own window in Amsterdam's famous red light district and her own agency in Atlanta. She writes frankly of her experiences and of the sometimes bizarre services requested of her, and some of her insights into human nature make professional psychologists seem shallow in comparison. Her comparisons between the men of different nations are particularly enlightening. In her time she has come across probably the smallest dick in the world ("it was more like bumping into someone in a lift than having sex") and possibly the largest ("the only freebie I ever gave"). Emphasising the importance of prostitution as a social service and highlighting the ignorance of society in general, and the weakness of the authorities in particular, with many policeman being portrayed as pathetic slob picking on working women as an easy way to fill their arrest sheets, this is a highly educational book for anyone with an open mind. After attending several court cases involving prostitutes she began to campaign for the decriminalisation of prostitution and founded the first prostitutes union, HIRE (Hooking Is Real Employment). It turns out there are some 1,700,000 prostitutes working in the USA. She was the first to speak out for them with a ground-breaking appearance on a prime time TV talk show.

Anyone expecting a promise of promiscuity or a cheap thrill — you have no idea. Working illustrates how prostitutes were years ahead of the government when it came to AIDS and other sexually transmitted diseases, and some of the passages in this book should be used for the purposes of health education and AIDS awareness. She also explains a canny prostitutes' trick which involves hiding a condom in the mouth and "blowing" it onto a client's penis, of whom apparently only about one in twenty actually notice! It saved her life on at least one occasion. For anyone currently practising or even considering taking up the world's oldest profession, this book is an invaluable guide, especially for the health and equally important safety aspects. The rigorous screening of clients by agencies makes credit control companies seem amateurish by comparison.

Although prostitution is still illegal she uses a working name and was only arrested once, one of the most amusing episodes in the book when she was streets ahead of the inept Vice Squad who managed to infringe the law several times while trumping up desperately obscure charges against her, since she had actually done nothing illegal. This led to her marriage to a criminal defence lawyer, a very understanding chap. She was eventually appointed to the Mayor's Task Force on Prostitution in her home town of Atlanta where she continues to work at her chosen career to this day.

Christine Chapel

THAT YELLOW BASTARD: A TALE FROM SIN CITY by Frank Miller

(Titan Books limited Edition hardback £16.99 out now. Softback £12.99 out 3rd Oct.) It's back to Sin City where tough cop Lieutenant John Hartigan is one hour from retirement but still as dedicated as ever, which is why he goes after someone the rest of the force would rather ignore, even at the beginning of their career. Junior is the sickfuck paedophile son of a powerful, corrupt senator who protects his son from the law. Junior has a history of raping and torturing children and Hartigan's been tipped off that he's just kidnapped 11 year-old Nancy Callahan. With the single-mindedness of the Caped Crusader, 60 year-old angina sufferer Hartigan goes after the yellow bastard to save the girl's life. That's when his troubles really begin as his partner's advice to leave it alone becomes a sinister warning. Hardly has he blown Junior's hand and dick off than he himself is taking in more lead than Al Pacino at the end of *Scarface* — and he was short of breath anyway. Soon he has plenty of time to wonder why he was kept alive as he sacrifices everything to save Nancy's life. This sickening, sadomasochistic story, starkly illustrated in brutal black and white imagery contains an uncompromising ugliness. It's basically a good versus evil yarn but the subversive Frank Miller suckers you into Sin City then stretches the imagination with this sexagenarian superhero Hartigan who appears indestructible in the face of some lethal situations. Quite a thriller that leaves a wry smile on your face and dry bile in your mouth.

CC

THE X FILES: Internal Affairs by John Rozum

The X-Files comic book format gives the ghoulsome twosome the usual kind of cases to deal with although they are all new stories not adapted from the never-ending tv series. There aren't any humorous stories in this book, unlike the previous *Night Lights* which had it's hilarious moments. But it has Mulder and Scully's usual dry exchanges, even better if you imagine their voices, and there's Scully's usual forensic fortitude: "There were extreme traces of epinephrine and a massive vasovagal reaction that triggered a myocardial infarction." "So what did he die of?" "Fear."

There are four shorts here, about a dead organ donor who comes back to reclaim what's his, an Hawaiian poltergeist, a vampiric overcoat and a doctor who cuts off his nose to spite his aliens. But there are no aliens and no clues to any of the unexplained bits of the tv episodes. I suppose that's because the truth is out there; it's certainly not in here.

CC

FRIED CIRCUIT



DREAM CITY FILM CLUB

friday 5th
EARTHLIFE / SLIP ON SOUND
Nottingham the Old angel

DIY
Dubble Bubble
SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS
The Running Horse

EASY PIECES
Radford Marquis de Lorne
AMERICAN GRAFFITI
The Skyy Club

STAN E / SKYWALKER / DEAN / FLUX
Hands Up
The Lenton

PETER & THE TEST TUBE
BABIES / THE DB'S
Derby The Victoria

saturday 6th
THE IAN HUNTER BAND
Nottingham the Running horse

HUGE BABY / MANGACIDE
Disco II
Rock City

FISH
AMANDA / HEN / LYNDA
SUZY CREAMCHEESE
Giggle Skyy Club

DEEP
Whispers
PERFORMANCE
Radford Marquis de Lorne

FRANK WHITE BAND
Derby The Flowerpot
NO MORE HEROES
The Victoria

THE WALKABOUTS
Sheffield The Leadmill

sunday 7th
HOMEBAKED / TWIN CACTUS
THE GROOVE BOOTY / ODDBALL
Smirnoff Battle Of the Bands
Nottingham Sam Fay's

LEE MACK
Just the Tonic
THE FOOTWARMERS
noon
JUBA
The Bell Inn

FIVE GO OFF IN A CARAVAN
The Golden Fleece
CHICKEN ASS BLUES BAND
The Running horse

photo: Cliff Bevan
TEDDY FULLICK
with RACHAEL PENNELL
Radford Marquis de Lorne
SERVE CHILLED
The Skyy Club

JEZ LUTON & PETE MORTON
Leics The Vaults
CONDENSER
Derby The Victoria

monday 8th
THE OMEGA BAND
Nottm The Bell Inn

LOST CAUSE
singers night
The Running Horse
ACOUSTIC ROUTES
The Golden fleece

THE CALM
Derby The Victoria

tuesday 9th
MAGIC DRIVE / CINNAMON
SMITH / WARSER GATE
The Alas Smith & Drive Tour
Nottm Sam Fay's

THE SHOD COLLECTIVE
The Bell inn

JAZZ NIGHT
The Running Horse
EASY PIECES
The Golde Fleece

PAUL JONES & DAVE KELLY
Derby The Flowerpot

wednesday 10th
T.H. YELLOW
Nottm The Golden fleece

COLIN STAPLES BLUES JAM
The Running Horse

THE FAB 4
Sam Fay's

PROLAPSE / FORMULA 1 /
ELECTRIC SOUND OF JOY
Derby The Victoria

thursday 11th
THE PLASTICS
Nottm Sam Fay's

BOBBY MACK'S NIGHT TRAIN
The Running Horse
WIDE EYED WONDER
Rock City

HARD N HEAVY
The Skyy Club

UMBOZA
MGM
KANDYFLOSS / MENO
Derby The Victoria

friday 12th
REAL TV
Nottm Rock City

UNSILENT MAJORITY
The Old Angel
WHOLESONE FISH
The Running Horse

DANNY & PETE (ACME)
Radford Marquis de Lorne
THE SHOD COLLECTIVE
The Lenton

DEPARTURE LOUNGE
The Skyy Club
AB/CD
Derby The Victoria Inn

MUSTARD
Ollerton, Kirton The Fox
saturday 13th
HERO-SHIMA
Nottm The Old Angel

THE SHOD COLLECTIVE /
ZEPHYR 6 / SINGLE BASS
THE VERY GOOD ROCK & ROLL
BAND Pink Lace Festival 1pm
Lace Market, Broad Street

WHITE ROOM
The Running Horse
CONSUMED
Rock City

PABLO / JONATHAN
JAZZ SPIRIT
Fever
The Skyy Club

THE WILDCATS OF KILKENNY
Derby The Flowerpot
BLUES INTOXICATED
The Victoria

MONACO
Sheffield The Leadmill

sunday 14th
TWICE SHY / ZOMBIE / SLIDER
DISCIPLES FROM
THE 3rd FLOOR
Smirnoff Battle Of the Bands
Nottm Sam Fay's

KELLY'S HEROES
The Golden Fleece
SKELETON CREW
The Running Horse

THE FOOTWARMERS
noon
MIND THE GAP
8pm
The Bell Inn

DR. BOB'S BAND
Leics The Vaults

monday 15th
THE OMEGA BAND
Nottm The Bell Inn

ACOUSTIC ROUTES
The Golden Fleece
LOST CAUSE
singers night
The Running Horse

tuesday 16th
THE SILVER APPLES
WINDY & CARL
THE AZUSA PLAIN
Space Rock Special with guest djs
Nottm Sam Fay's

LEE & SHIELDS
Kulejazz
TIM GARLAND & DAVE WALKER
The Golden Fleece

JOHNNY JOHNSTONE
JAZZ GROUP
The Bell Inn

THE POOZIES
Derby The Flowerpot
STRIDE MAN WIDE
The Victoria

CHINA DRUM / CABLE / CARRIE
N'ampton Roadmender

wednesday 17th
COLIN STAPLES BLUES JAM
Nottm The Running Horse

THE FAB 4
Sam Fay's

JUNGLE
The Lenton
FLATTRABBITT
Derby The Victoria

thursday 18th
KING PRAWN
Nottm Rock City

ESCRIMA
MGM
BOOT
The Running Horse

THE VINYL JUNKIE / JAMIE
The Lenton

tuesday 16th
THE SILVER APPLES
WINDY & CARL
THE AZUSA PLAIN
Space Rock Special with guest djs
Nottm Sam Fay's

LEE & SHIELDS
Kulejazz
TIM GARLAND & DAVE WALKER
The Golden Fleece

JOHNNY JOHNSTONE
JAZZ GROUP
The Bell Inn

THE POOZIES
Derby The Flowerpot
STRIDE MAN WIDE
The Victoria

CHINA DRUM / CABLE / CARRIE
N'ampton Roadmender

wednesday 17th
COLIN STAPLES BLUES JAM
Nottm The Running Horse

THE FAB 4
Sam Fay's

JUNGLE
The Lenton
FLATTRABBITT
Derby The Victoria

thursday 18th
KING PRAWN
Nottm Rock City

ESCRIMA
MGM
BOOT
The Running Horse

THE VINYL JUNKIE / JAMIE
The Lenton

CONDEMNED SOUL
CRUEL HUMANITY
Derby The Victoria

friday 19th
F.E.C.K.
Nottm The Old Angel

OUT OF THE BLUE
The Running Horse
WHOLESONE FISH
The Lenton

JR LOADED
Rock city

DIY
The Bomb

SHUFFLE
The Skyy club

GORILLA
Derby The Victoria

THE LEVELLERS
Sheffield The Leadmill

saturday 20th
CATHODE SPECIES
BLACK ROCK
Nottm The Old Angel

THECALLING
Rock City

PREACHER BOY
The Running Horse

PETE DONALDSON
Marquis de Lorne

NOEL WATSON / GLEN GUNNER
The Bomb

FLEX
drum & bass night
The Skyy Club

KING PRAWN / JAYNE DOE
Derby The Victoria

STAFFORD GALLI
Derby The Flowerpot

sunday 21st
SEAMUS O'BIVION & THE
MEGADEATH MORRISMEN
Nottm The Golden Fleece
SNORKEL / DEADFALL
MUSTARD / GENTLEMEN'S
QUARTERLY
Smirnoff Battle Of the Bands
Sam Fay's

CARNIVAL OF THIEVES
The Running Horse
THE FOOTWARMERS
noon
AKIMBO
8pm
The Bell Inn

A BAND CALLED FLYNN
Derby The Flowerpot
4 TIL LATE
Leics The Vaults

monday 22nd
THE OMEGA BAND
Nottm The Bell Inn

LOST CAUSE
singers night
The Running Horse
ACOUSTIC ROUTES
The Golden fleece

THE LEVELLERS
Derby The Assembly Rooms

tuesday 23rd
REAL TV / PULKAS
MEDULLA NOCTE
Metal Hammer tour
Nottm Sam Fay's

PHIL WAYNE & BEN MARTIN
Kulejazz
Langtry's

THE SHOD COLLECTIVE
The Bell Inn

STEVE BLISS & FRIENDS
The Golden Fleece

JAZZ NIGHT
The Running Horse

ZEPHYR 6
Derby The Dolphin

SKIN / THE CALLING
N'ampton Roadmender

wednesday 24th
COLIN STAPLES BLUES JAM
Nottm The Running Horse

THE FAB 4
Sam Fay's

BLUE MILLENNIUM
Derby The Victoria

thursday 25th
JUSTIN ROBERTSON
Nottm The Bomb

WHITE ROOM
The Running Horse

HARD N HEAVY
hardcore techno
The Skyy Club

WILKO JOHNSON
Derby The Flowerpot

SUPERCREEPS
The Victoria

friday 26th
PENTHOUSE
Nottm The Old Angel

THE PAPA GEORGE BAND
The Running Horse

MINDCORE
Rock City

THE HEAVENLY JUKEBOX
The Bomb

DJ DK
close Circuit
The Skyy Club

NICK MAXWELL
The Max
The Lenton

THE AINSLEY LISTER BAND
BLUES JUICE
Leics Phoenix Arts Centre

saturday 27th
IDJUT BOYS
Nottm The Bomb
ED MARTIN
The Running Horse
GRAPEVINE
Marquis de Lorne
DEEP
Whispers

PABLO / JONATHAN
JAZZ SPIRIT
Fever
The Skyy Club

THE RATTTLERS
Derby The Flowerpot
A / THIRD RATE
The Victoria

HARD RAIN
Mansfield Leisure Centre
MUSTARD
Chesterfield The Attic

sunday 28th
BADGER / HARSH / CHASER
TETLEY KNIGHTS
smirnoff Battle Of the Bands
Nottm Sam Fay's

EASY PIECES
The Golden Fleece

THE VINTAGE FOUR + 2
formerly Apex Jazz Men
Marquis de Lorne

THREE WHEEL DRIVE
The Running Horse

THE FOOTWARMERS
noon
JUBA
8pm
The Bell Inn

CLIFF BYWATER
Derby The Dolphin

DR. HASBEEN (SPACE BANDITS)
The Victoria

LEICESTER BLUES ALL STARS
Leics The Vaults

WOODY BOP MUDDY
N'ampton Roadmender

monday 29th
THE OMEGA BAND
Nottm The Bell Inn
LOST CAUSE
The Running Horse
ACOUSTIC ROUTES
The Golden fleece
SUN WHEEL
Derby The Dolphin

tuesday 30th
POOKA / CHRISTIAN &
DAMIAN'S NOVA LOUNGE
DREAM CITY FILM CLUB
Nottm Sam Fay's

SUZANNE MELLARD
& PAT SPRAKES
Kulejazz
Langtry's

RUNAWAY BRAINS
The Golden Fleece

CHEAP TRICK
Rock City

JAZZ NIGHT
The Running Horse

JOHNNY JOHNSTONE
JAZZ GROUP
Ther Bell Inn

ROCK BITCH
Derby The Victoria

ZZ BIRMINGHAM BLUES DUO
The Dolphin

THE OYSTERBAND
THE MEN THEY COULDN'T
HANG
Sheffield The Leadmill

Bar & Restaurant

SAM FAY'S

PRESENTS

London Road, NOTTINGHAM
Tel. (0115) 941 8560
http://www.innotts.co.uk/~samfays/

FRIED ALIVE!

Tuesday 9th September
Magic Drive + Cinnamon Smith
+ Warser Gate
The Alas Smith & Drive Tour adm. £2

Tuesday 16th September
The Night With No Name presents a Space Rock special
THE SILVER APPLES
WINDY & CARL + THE AZUSA PLAIN
+ guest DJs adm. £3.50

Tuesday 30th September
PookA
CHRISTIAN & DAMIAN'S NOVA LOUNGE
+ DREAM CITY FILM CLUB
adm. £3 / £2

Tuesday 7th October
FREEKSPERT
+ DRAGSTRIPPER
featuring ex-echobelly guitarist Alex Keyser adm. £2

Tuesday 14th October
JAGUAR + THE MIRACLE DRUG

Tuesday 21st October
DOG TOMAS

outings:
lesbian & gay listings

PUBS
GATSBY'S
Huntingdon St. Gay pub, two bars, dancefloor and DJ. 9505323
ADMIRAL DUNCAN
74, Lower Parliament St. Pub/disco. Late bar Thurs-Sat til 1.30 am. Mainly men, regular cabaret. 9502727
THE FORRESTERS INN
St. Ann's St. Mainly women. Disco Thurs and Sun. 958 0432

CLUBS
THE KITSCH CLUB
19 Greyhound St. regular gay night Saturdays. Members and guests only. 970 8451
REVOLUTION
MGM, Greyfriar Gate. 958 0555
Monthly 1st Monday. 9-2am. £4.
LIZARD LOUNGE
St. Mary's Gate, Lace Market 3rd Wednesday £3. 952 3264
LIMITED EDITIONS
The Yard, 61 Westgate, Mansfield. Last Monday. Coach from Gatsby's 9pm. £4 inc. 01623 22230.
REVOLUTION 2
Deluxe, St. James St. Monthly 3rd Monday. 947 4819.

GROUPS/ORGANISATIONS
NOTTM. LESBIAN & GAY SWITCHBOARD
Confidential advice and info. Mon-Fri 7-10pm. 9411454
LESBIAN LINE
Mon 7-9pm. 941 0652
MUSHROOM BOOKSHOP
10 Heathcoat St. Large lesbian and gay stocks and free copies of Pink Paper and Outright.
THE HEALTH SHOP
Broad St. Free health care with gay outreach worker. Free condoms, KY, dental dams, Hep B vaccinations and all sexual/ drug use advice. Copies of The Gai Guide, comprehensive information booklet. 947 5414

LESBIAN CENTRE
Women's Centre, 30 Chaucer St. 11am-3pm Weds. 941 1475
NOTTM BISEXUAL GROUP
Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays, 8pm, International Community Centre, Mansfield Rd.
NOTTM. GAY & LESBIAN YOUNG PEOPLE
for under 26's. Meets weekly. Thurs. 8pm. 911 7925 Ian, 9140927 Mark, 961 6252 Chris.

OUT OF THE CLOSET
BASE 51, Glasshouse St.
Young gay men's group Thurs 2-4pm. Young Lesbians group Weds 6.30-8.30pm 952 5040.
UNIVERSITY OF NOTTM. LESBIAN, GAY & BISEXUAL PHONELINE
Mondays 8-10pm during term. Call 951 4999 for info., advice.

NOTTM. TRENT UNI. LGB SOCIETY
Lecture Theatre, Dryden Street Library Mondays 7.30pm. termtime. 979 0959
MANSFIELD LESBIAN & GAY YOUTH GROUP
Meets Saturday afternoons. 0162 361 0611

SISTERS OF PERPETUAL INDULGENCE
Convent of international gay male nuns. Available for ceremonies, blessings, etc. Novices write Mother Inferior or Sister Dominatrix, Maid Marion Convent, 180 Mansfield Rd. Nottingham NG1 3HW.

discoverall:



TINDERSTICKS *Curtains* (This Way Up)
Third album in for the sextet finds them in ever more expansive and (whisper it) commercial vein. The lush strings shimmying through the opening track (pick a title from those listed on the back) may echo the misty, tortured torch realms of previous outings but wait until you hear the Cuban trumpeteer Jesús Alemañy come on board. Together with Joe de Jesus' flute playing the two lend a paradoxically bright swing to softly sawing voice of Stuart Staples. The only other singer to appear is Ann Magnuson who duets on buried Bones, but otherwise Staples dominates throughout. Touches of Almond, Brel and Waits are scattered around but this is ultimately a defiant, desolate sound that is totally Tindersticks. Baroque and beautiful. **GT**

GONG *You Re Mixed* (Gliss)
Somewhere in a field in some shire it's the mid 80's and I'm in the back of a caravanette trading part of my mind for another, poking the dying embers of a musocial lifestyle neglected by spikes and shoulderpads. For us custodians of an endangered culture the soundtrack was Hawkwind, Faust, Amon Duul and the mighty Gong. Critics had failed to read between the cartoon imagery (unlike with Funkadelic and Zappa) to find the seminal musical lodestone within. Since that nadir the 80's festival faithful took h controls of the musicalien invasion to the heart of the 90's, and their reward here is to drink deep of the well so loyally guarded. The old 16-track is treated with playful deference by the Shamen and Youth on *Master Builder* and a 12-minute *Sprinkling Of Clouds* respectively, while the Orb go their own sweet way like they do. The four-beat, one-key straightjacket is craftily slipped Houdini-like by various octave doctors revelling in the trompe l'ear inherent in this music. Even Stevie Hillfish lets down his technocool guard. Compromises with various arrangements are skillfully traded off, as with master percussionist Pierre Moerlen's disappearance on some bits, which is more than made up for by Yamataki Eye's isolating and skilful splicing of some awesome 1974 Jungle. Zero's coming home, he's coming along with a shockwave of the imminent manifestation of the planet Gong in 2032. Whatever revelations await this may be album of the millenium, any millenium. One for the believers. **CO'N**

V. ARTISTS *...And Still No Hits* (Nation)
Nation records 100th release and almost ten true summers long, here's a slice of their birthday cake, presented very much like On-U's *Pay It All Back* Series. Welcoming Fun-da-Mental, Asian Dub Foundation, Loop Guru, Transglobal Underground, and Natacha Atlas as fellow party

main pic. **TINDERSTICKS** photo by Phil Nicholls
below **LISA GERMANO** opp. **MOODSWINGS**
Reviews by Mischa Gulseven, Sam Mansour, Gareth Thompson, Christine Chapel, Christy O'Neil and The Fat Dead Nazi.

it seems that the twisted kookiness of *Slush* is after your soul for keeps. **GT**

GOOBER PATROL *Extended Vacation* (Them's Good)
This is scary. The press release staunchly instructs us "forget everything you've ever heard" by Goober Patrol. Apparently they have left their "smile on the face of punk" image far behind. "In short," we are warned, "this beast...rages". I was slightly concerned that they'd taken Motorhead's lettering in vain on the cd itself; so naturally I was a bit nervous putting it in the deck, wondering if it might shoot out of my computer screen like something from an *Alien* movie. So I was quite relieved to find that the beast wasn't so much raging as waking up to find the milk had gone off. What you find with this album is that, yes!! It is the GB of old but they've just sandpapered the singer's throat more (which would make you quite pissed off, I suppose). There are some brilliant tunes in here—check out *We Deal You Choose* and *It's OK* (which I swear was on a previous album) but... imagine Lemmy's voice doing a Sleeper cover and that's how out of place these vocals sound. there's nothing wrong with being the happy face of punk, guys. God knows someone's got to inject some humour into their PC-filled lives. **MG**

SKELETON KEY *The World's Most Famous Undertaker* (Dedicated)
A mini album that's Rock through and through, but swinging between bluesy riffs and full-on grunge. Listen to the first track and you'll think Stone Temple Pilots have come back from the dead, but by the second mellow track with lazy guitars and rumbling bassline, you're not so sure. By the end you might come to the conclusion that this kind of thing only has a limited audience these days and that they all go to Rock City on a Saturday night. Or you might decide that it's as good as American rock is going to get. Skeleton Key display varied styles and talent but above all the good sense to stick to 6 tracks for minimum rock overload. You decide. **MG**

BRAD *Interiors* (Epic)
... and talking of grunge, hands up who remembers Brad from that self-same era. It was every grunge kid's Must Have album because Stone Gossard was on guitar. Guess what? He's back again with the rest of the band, but have Brad changed their style any now that grunge has fallen down the toilet? well actually, they seem to have adapted quite well; apart from one or two dire tracks which sound like Barry Manilow (complete with piano and those cheesy bongo-type drums from the 70's) it's basically a rock/pop album with the odd guitar solo thrown in for good grunge/metal measure. having said that I can't see why anyone would pay good money for it—except maybe the aforementioned Rock City crowd. **MG**

DEADSTAR *Deadstar* (Discordant)
I went to see Deadstar a couple of months ago and tapped my foot along happily enough but I didn't drop my pint sized amazement; this album is having pretty much the same effect. It's good, as indie with guitars goes, full of ace songs with strong tunes and stronger vocals. They have a lot going for them. They're a 3-piece, for a start (i.e. not another Sleeper) and their tunes have a rougher, more seductive edge than the likes of Echobelly. When I saw them, the singer was wearing the same boots as me so so top marks for taste. I say 'good luck' to them. **MG**

RYKERS *Lesson In Loyalty* (Raw / Sony)
Since 1992 Germany's Rykers have been smashing the senses with New York City-style Hardcore. The transformation to a major has not mellowed them one iota; if anything they are a bit more industrial but still have vocals to match Sheer terror and the guitars of Slapshot. Lyrically very personal with two covers, one being Motorhead's *Emergency*, the other... well, if you like Elvis you'll have a giggle. **TFDN**



MOODSWINGS *Psychedelicatesen* (Arista)
The most appropriately named act since Metallica do genuinely deliver the broadest of musical moods in a virtually random order. The rich, ambient opening couplet *Lifeorce In A Pizza* and *Crysmile* burst open to let the swirling strings of *Undistracted* flow through. Such is the seamless nature of the whole disc that steel band beats mixing it with trancey dance and rock tempos seem the most natural of fusions. The project was clattered together by Grant Showbiz and JFT Hood, who sound like they've traipsed some early Pink Floyd tapes around all corners of the globe and decided that everything goes. Ever imagined a version of *Redemption Song* starring Tanita Tikaram stirred into a brimming Gospel soup? Yes, they offer that, too, and a whole lot more. **GT**

HANDSOME *Handsome* (EPC4867684)
This lot have enough cohesive energy to make them very appealing. Every one of the twelve tracks kicks, grinds and rocks with a slouched, long-haired, leather covered disposition of the sort which made Sisters Of Mercy and The Mission so big. Rockers will have no reason to disapprove of this band who have the consistency to make the big time in a big way. **SM**

OBLIVIANS *Play 9 Songs with Mr. Quintron...* (Crypt)
I know a fair few people who would love this, the X-Rays being some of them. In fact if you smashed up an X-Rays cd and a Penthouse cd, and put the bits together you'd probably end up with something sounding like this—ragged, seedy, bluesy rock'n'roll with a real garagey feel to it. **MG**

THE CRAMPS *Big Beats From Badsville* (Epitaph)
Well whip me with a wet possum, this is Louisiana swamp rock, down dirty and sweaty. From the feedback soaked slime fest of *God Monster From The End Of The World* to the Rock City crowd pleaser *Sheena's In A Goth Gang* (I suppose she got fed up of being a Punk Rocker) this oozes sex. The Cramps have been going for so long they should have the formula right by



now, but whereas a lot of bands would have mellowed with age the Cramps have become dirtier. *Queen Of Pain* is pure social distortion and that is no bad thing. I used to be a member of the *Legion Of The Cramped* fan club back in the 80's—sad enough, I know, but this disc reminds me why. Ooh, listening to this is the aural equivalent of slipping on the old leather at the end of the night, heading out into the neon glow of the street lights, knowing sleep is still several hours away. **TFDN**

RIVERDALES *Storm The Streets* (Honest Don's Totally Beaten Brats Records)
I will be unable to do this review without mentioning the Ramones so here goes... Ramones, Ramones, Ramones, Riverdales, Riverdales, Ramones... get the picture? It's totally brilliant, generic as fuck but with songs like *I'm Not A Freak*, *Mental Retard*, and *Kick Your Head In*, this is worth ten times more than any Oasis wannabes. Drink beer... enjoy. **TFDN**

I AGAINST I *Top Of The World* (Epitaph)
Young Dutch Bad Religion-esque pop Punk, OK but not Earth shattering. their own songs are powerful in a way that Jamie Panic will understand but the bloody Beatles cover, I mean... oh fuck, it's crap! Epitaph are quick to point out that I Against I were babies when Punk first happened, still that's no excuse for so much saccharine. **TFDN**

GEEK 3D *Geek* (Columbia)
It's a bit tricky being original in the musical battlefield so, aspiring to innovation has become a more worthwhile pursuit. geek are innovative. The fusing of jungle beats, guitars and rock industrial vocals may have been thought of by many, disregarded as implausible by most and effectively executed by few. Geek are one of the few. Eat your words, The Fat Dead Nazi, it works. *I'm Falling Over* is a little moronic but the rest has the energy to keep you tuned in. Gothic Jungle? Well, at the end of the day it's just another drum pattern. Stick anything you like on top and hope it works. Geek get away with it in style! **SM**
DREAM CITY FILM CLUB *If I Die, I Die / Love Insane* ep (Beggars Banquet)

Haunting, melancholic, methylated, melodic love songs from London's street strutting sleaze merchants named in honour of the victims of an arson attack on a porn cinema. **CC**

NEUK *I.V.P./Freedom/Sick/Control*
There is an awful lot of pundits who just can't see the attraction in this style of rock. Satanic sounding, raw angst vocals with heavy guitars verging on metal and steam train drums. I like these drums and the guitars are classic. As for the vocals, love them or hate them. Huge Baby fans might love them. If you're feeling pissed off this might be your tonic. **SM**

GLYCERINE *Class A / Libido* (promo)
If the New York Dolls were still around and MCS weren't so nihilistic (and dead) then they could be sounding like Glycerine. and if only Glycerine were more explosive they might have prefixed their name with 'Nitro'. This is a band which may be swept up by the torrent of hard-edged rock bands that are doing their damndest to ignite the latter stages of the millenium. even Oasis are going for a heavier sound but, unfortunately for them, not as convincingly as some of the underground activists. Glycerine are on their way to largeness. They certainly have the bollox. **SM**

TEENAGE FANCLUB *I Don't Want To Control You* (Crescd 238)
Me and Teenage Fanclub would not see eye to eye. The title track has the right message but but with such a safe arrangement and so-so acoustic blandness, I can't see it knocking your socks off as a single. Second track *The Count* would have been my choice, more rock than pop with bigger electric balls. *Middle Of The Road* is, as it says, a return to the mood of the title track. **SM**

ARNOLD *Twist* (Crescd 257P)
Huge! You've all probably heard it. If ever there was a perfect pop song, this is it. In its absence you'd miss it. That is until you've had it rammed down your lugholes so much that you can't stand it any more. For the duration of it's brief pop existence it stands to put so much chart material to shame. An indie pop anthem if ever I heard one. Classic. **SM**

GENE *Speak To Me Someone* (Polydor)
Another gem of sheer magnificence from *Drawn To The Deep End* and the perfect song for when mellowing out, having a hangover or being unashamedly depressed. Gene and Rozzer. are diamonds in coal-mines and I can't rate this enough. **MG**

KENICKIE *Punka* (EMI)
Second time round and hot on the heels of the first, it's a brilliant tune which I'm amazed didn't do better in the charts. But Kenickie will have to do better than that old re-release chestnut. I whole-heartedly agree with what they're saying, though; I've come across one too many Punkas for my liking during my dubious dabbings with the Underground, and it's all so true! It's almost scary but rest assured you'll never meet one who admits it. Maybe there should be help groups for the too underground and socially aware. therapy should include tunneling to Australia; after all, that's about as far underground as you can go. **MG**

MULU *Pussycat* (Dedicated)
Pussycat is a darkly dancey track with laid-back vocals and a catchy tune; the other tracks have less vocals and more depth and mood. **MG**

Tues - Bleuskool vs Godfather
Weds - Le Beté de Bleu
D.C.I (Rumpshaker)
Mark (Go Tropo)
Thurs - Serve Chilled
Digs & Woosh (D.I.Y)
Fri - Departure Lounge
Sat - Nail & Quadrant
Sun - Dimanche le Bleu

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